

960

F828

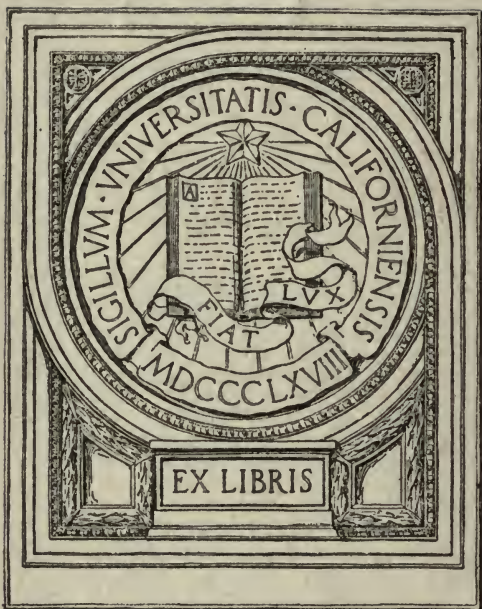
C

UC-NRLF



\$B 298 377

YB 31651



960
F828
c

Price, 25 Cents

CINDERELLINE
OR
The Little Red Slipper
By FLORENCE KIPER



PUBLISHED BY
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHARLES H SERGEL, PRESIDENT

Practical Instructions for Private Theatricals

By W. D. EMERSON

Author of "A Country Romance," "The Unknown Rival,"
"Humble Pie," etc.

Price, 25 cents

Here is a practical hand-book, describing in detail all the accessories, properties, scenes and apparatus necessary for an amateur production. In addition to the descriptions in words, everything is clearly shown in the numerous pictures, more than one hundred being inserted in the book. No such useful book has ever been offered to the amateur players of any country.

CONTENTS

Chapter I. Introductory Remarks.

Chapter II. Stage, How to Make, etc. In drawing-rooms or parlors, with sliding or hinged doors. In a single large room. The Curtain; how to attach it, and raise it, etc.

Chapter III. Arrangement of Scenery. How to hang it. Drapery, tormentors, wings, borders, drops.

Chapter IV. Box Scenes. Center door pieces, plain wings, door wings, return pieces, etc.

Chapter V. How to Light the Stage. Oil, gas and electric light. Footlights, Sidelights, Reflectors. How to darken the stage, etc.

Chapter VI. Stage Effects. Wind, Rain, Thunder, Breaking Glass, Falling Buildings, Snow, Water, Waves, Cascades, Passing Trains, Lightning, Chimes, Sound of Horses' Hoofs, Shots.

Chapter VII. Scene Painting.

Chapter VIII. A Word to the Property Man.

Chapter IX. To the Stage Manager.

Chapter X. The Business Manager.

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CINDERELLINE

OR

THE LITTLE RED SLIPPER

BY

Mrs FLORENCE KIPER Frank

Copyright, 1913, by The Dramatic Publishing Company



CHICAGO
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

CINDERELLINE

OR THE LITTLE RED SLIPPER

CHARACTERS

SYLVIVS SYLVESTER, *a rich young poet.*

MRS. SYLVESTER, *his practical mother.*

GRAZIELLINE SMITH, *a young lady of the world.*

ISABELLINE SMITH, *a "home" woman.*

CINDERELLINE.

Amateur actors are warned not to perform this play until they have the written permission of the publishers. The royalty fee is five dollars for each performance, payable in advance.

SCENE: *The apartment of Sylvivs Sylvester. It is studio, library, reception room in one. It contains a grand piano, an easel with an unfinished portrait, plaster casts, etchings, prints, etc. A large arm chair with a tiny footstool is in the center of the stage. To the left stands a small sofa with cushions. To the right is a rickety cobbler's bench with bits of bright colored leather scattered about it. The entire room is in pleasant confusion.*

The act is played in bright morning sunlight.

The curtain rises to the strains of the Wagner Wedding March. Discovered Sylvivs Sylvester seated on the end of the cobbler's bench, working on a red slipper. He is a handsome youth in white flannels, over which he has tied a heavy leather cobbler's apron.

For a few moments after the rise of the curtain the music continues playing. When Sylvius speaks the music stops.

SYLVIUS.

A pretty little slipper! Red—heart's red!
 Bring me my bride!—It's queer, now, how the Spring
 Strives in a man. The woods are all awake,
 And every glistening pond and stream is stirred
 By the swift dip of little, mating birds.
 [*Enter Mrs. Sylvester. She is fat, and garishly dressed.*]

MRS. SYLVESTER.

Sylvius Sylvester, what's the matter now?
 You're moonstruck!

SYLVIUS.

Moonstruck, yes—dear little mother,
 And sun-struck, wind-struck, rain-struck, Spring-struck,
 too.
 [*Sits himself on the bench, and again works on the slipper.*]

MRS. SYLVESTER.

Why did your father ever have his way!
 He always argued, "Let the boy alone!"
 And see now—! Well, thank Heavens, the fault's not
 mine.
 There's never been a poet in our family.

SYLVIUS.

But I'm a cobbler now. I'm making shoes.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

O my poor boy, why don't you stick to verse!
 That's bad enough. But every day to change
 Your occupation—sculpture, fiddling, shoes,
 The milk-supply, the rings around the moon!
 I'm fairly dizzy!

SYLVIUS.

I must see the world.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

You've money—lots of money. Take a trip.

SYLVIUS.

Why should I lug my body all about!

I sit within this room, and bring the world

Here to my doors.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

But something less—less common
Than making slippers!

SYLVIUS [*Mysteriously*].

Mother, can you keep

A secret!

MRS. SYLVESTER.

If it's some new scheme of yours,
I'd really rather not a soul should know.

SYLVIUS.

Well, then, I'll tell you. See this little slipper!

MRS. SYLVESTER.

O, yes, I see it plainly.

SYLVIUS.

Say the truth!

This slipper doesn't differ from its kind—
Now, does it?

MRS. SYLVESTER.

Yes, the heel is crooked.

SYLVIUS.

Ah, but I mean one scarcely would suppose
That in this little piece of colored leather
Shaped to the semblance of a human foot—
There's magic power!

MRS. SYLVESTER.

The boy is off his head!

SYLVIUS.

You don't believe it? You shall see yourself.
They're coming here to try it on.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

Who's coming?

SYLVIUS.

The ladies who would like to be my wife.

MRS. SYLVESTER [*Excitedly*].

The hussies—running after you!—I'll tell them
They're talking to a lunatic. No wife
Would stand the things I've stood.—The bold-faced
chits!

There's not a one that's good enough for you.

SYLVIUS.

She whom the slipper fits shall be my bride.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

The slipper fits! The slipper! If I'd used
A slipper oftener when you were young——

SYLVIUS.

Into the seams I've sewed my very soul.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

It wouldn't fetch a nickel at the store.

SYLVIUS.

One woman is there—one! And she shall come.
I shall kneel down and fit the slipper on her.
Then I shall know! And we two shall step forth
Into God's sunshine, out across the world.
I've made a poem on it. I shall read it.

[He pulls from his pocket a sheet of paper, places an arm affectionately about his mother, and walks with her toward rear of stage, reading aloud as he does so:

*“That one in whom I find my life fulfilled
Shall find complete fulfillment but through me.
Two souls of equal radiance shall we be
With the same joy of inner wonder thrilled.”*

Mrs. Sylvester and Sylvius exeunt rear, he still reading his poem. His voice dies away in the distance.

There is a moment of silence, and then, after a knocking on door, to which there is no answer, enter Grazielline and Isabelline. Grazielline is elaborately and beautifully, Isabelline plainly, gowned.]

ISABELLINE.

This is the place.

GRAZIELLINE.

His room?

ISABELLINE.

His little workshop.

Isn't he odd?

GRAZIELLINE.

Yes, but he's very rich.

ISABELLINE.

He's very messy. If I tidied up,
Do you think 'twould make a good impression on him?

GRAZIELLINE.

Do, my dear girl! And dust the pictures, too,
And plump the cushions! 'Tis your stock-in-trade.

ISABELLINE.

[As she attempts to put cobbler's bench in order.]

I know that you despise me. Never mind.
Men *do* like comfort.

GRAZIELLINE.

[*Seating herself in large armchair, center.*]

Isabelline dear,
I despise no one. It brings ugly lines
About the mouth.

ISABELLINE.

Do you suppose it's here—
The slipper? O, if we could try it on
Before he comes!

GRAZIELLINE.

He mustn't see us looking.
Men dislike curiosity in women.

ISABELLINE.

[*Plumping herself on footstool at Grazielline's feet.*]
Do you think all men are very much the same?

GRAZIELLINE.

All men, my dear, are very much the same
In liking to be thought distinct and different.
The secret is to follow where each leads.
To adapt oneself—that is the woman's business.

ISABELLINE.

But it's the men that follow you!

GRAZIELLINE.

O yes,
That is the finish of the little game.
I know the sex's secrets. I can twist
The best of them about this tiny finger.

ISABELLINE.

Did it take you long to learn?

GRAZIELLINE.

I knew from birth.

My intuitions are straight, subtle, sure.

ISABELLINE.

Still, men love artless women, such as me.

GRAZIELLINE.

They like good cooking.

ISABELLINE

[*Jumping up, half sobbing.*]

You are very cruel!

GRAZIELLINE.

Don't cry! There's no one here but me to see you.

ISABELLINE.

Sh! Here he comes!

[*Grazielline rises, as Sylvius enters with Mrs. Sylvester trotting at his heels.*]

SYLVIUS [*With a low bow.*]

Ladies, my compliments!

You honor and illumine this poor dwelling.

ISABELLINE [*To Grazielline.*]

Isn't he handsome?

GRAZIELLINE.

Sh! Affect indifference!

SYLVIUS [*Introducing.*]

My mother—Miss—Miss——

GRAZIELLINE.

Grazielline Smith.

This is my younger sister, Isabelline.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

I'm pleased to meet you. Are there only two
In the family?

[Isabelline and Grazielline glance meaningfully at each other].

ISABELLINE.

Yes.

GRAZIELLINE.

Yes, there are only two.
Unfortunately, daughters both.

SYLVIUS.

No, no,
Most fortunate! To be a splendid woman,
Why, that's a great thing—wonderful——

ISABELLINE.

We saw

Your ad——

GRAZIELLINE *[To Isabelline]*.

Sh! You'll spoil everything——

[To Sylvius].

You think

All women, then, so wonderful?

SYLVIUS.

All women
Have something mystic, like the sap of a tree
In the young May, because with them is life.

ISABELLINE *[To Mrs. Sylvester]*.

What does he mean?

MRS. SYLVESTER.

Nothing. He is a poet.

GRAZIELLINE [*Very close to Sylvius*].

A woman is not wonderful alone.
Till she is loved, her soul is not awake.
She but exists. Man gives to her, her life.

SYLVIUS.

Most flattering! I wonder if it's true.

GRAZIELLINE.

I do not flatter. See, within my eyes
Deep wells of truth.—O, you're not looking at them.

SYLVIUS.

I always use a telescope for stars.

ISABELLINE.

We saw your ad——

SYLVIUS.

Ah yes, about the slipper.
You wish to try it on?

ISABELLINE.

Yes, if you please.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

I'm sure you'd never like it. It's a cheap thing.
I'm sure you'd do much better at the store.

SYLVIUS.

Mother!

GRAZIELLINE.

Mr. Sylvester scarcely wishes
To make so crude a test. A man must know
The woman at first sight—the destined one.

ISABELLINE [*To Mrs. Sylvester*].

She's said that to a dozen men before.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

O, my poor boy! She's drowning him again
In those wells of truth.

SYLVIUS.

[*Gazing at Grazielline as if spellbound.*]

You think so? It may be!

GRAZIELLINE.

I know so. Love draws love across the world.

SYLVIUS.

That's a good line. I'll have to put that down.
Excuse me just a minute.

[*Draws out pad and pencil, and writes.*]

GRAZIELLINE [*Stamping her foot*].

Pshaw!

SYLVIUS.

There now!

[*Looks up brightly.*]

What were you saying?

GRAZIELLINE [*Vexed*].

I was saying love

Draws love—O yes, you wrote that! But you think
She cannot tell—the woman? When I came
Into your presence I was conscious of
A something—shall I say it?—from afar.

ISABELLINE [*To Mrs. Sylvester*].

She'll tell him they were lovers in Assyria.

MRS. SYLVESTER [*Wringing her hands*].

O, can't you stop her?

GRAZIELLINE.

From some other clime

An odor wafts, and all the world is dim.

SYLVIUS.

I knew you when the armies streamed afar
Along the plains of sunlit Troy—O Helen!

GRAZIELLINE.

Since man has loved I—I—have been his lure.

SYLVIUS.

Phyrne!

MRS. SYLVESTER [*To Isabelline*].

O Heavens, what shall we do?

GRAZIELLINE [*Passionately*].

My poet!

ISABELLINE.

[*Stepping determinedly forward.*]

Please, sir, my sister quite forgot to mention
You may have met me, too, in ancient Greece.
I used to scrub the armour.

GRAZIELLINE.

Silly thing!

ISABELLINE.

Please, sir, since the beginning of the world
I've done the work and she has had the praise.
I'm getting tired of it.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

Lord, I thought

That she, at least, was not a lunatic.

“The beginning of the world! The——”

SYLVIUS [*To Isabelline*].

You have stayed

At home and minded children, have you not?—

Woven the cloth and tended the red fire?

ISABELLINE.

And waited patiently my lord's return.

GRAZIELLINE.

While I with music soothed his wearied soul.

ISABELLINE.

He liked my cooking better, just the same.

GRAZIELLINE.

Pah! What else can you do?

SYLVIUS [*To Grazielline*].

What else can *you*?

GRAZIELLINE [*Radiantly*].

I can dance till life is rhythmic. I can sing.

I can be beautiful!

SYLVIUS.

No more than that?

GRAZIELLINE.

I can be beautiful. That is enough.

ISABELLINE.

She can spend money, too.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

I'll warrant she can.

SYLVIUS.

To dance till life is rhythmic and to sing,
To glow with beauty in a darkened world,—
That is enough. You brought your beauty down
Into foul places till the air was sweet.
You sang to hopeless women, who had hope
Straightway. You taught pale children how to dance
Till their life, too, was rhythmic.

GRAZIELLINE [*Embarrassed*].

No—I—I——

SYLVIUS.

Surely the earth is fairer that you live.

GRAZIELLINE.

I can't stand poverty and dirty brats.

My sister does the family's charity work.

ISABELLINE.

O, I adore the poor!

SYLVIUS.

Adore? Adore?

ISABELLINE.

I mean, of course, it makes one feel so good
To comfort them and feed them.

SYLVIUS,

And to teach

Freedom, unrest—until the very name
Of poverty becomes a curse——

ISABELLINE [*Pedantically*].

I always

Teach them they should submit to the will of God.

SYLVIUS.

Um—hm! And let God's sunshine in their rooms,
And breathe God's air a little. You, of course,
Know that the building code——

ISABELLINE.

The building code?

SYLVIUS.

If only 'twere enforced! But Sloth and Greed—
To attack, besiege them—that's a difficult task.

Their own fortress they build well. Still, I have faith

That if a valiant woman army stormed
 Against the entrenchments—women such as you,
 Who love, adore the poor—a glorious fight!
 I see them stretching out before me now,
 The army of free women, unafraid—
 Whose battle-cry is “Strength unto the weak!”
 Whose battle banner bears aloft the sign,
 “We fight for justice for the unborn babes!”
 Why, there’s a clash and clamor worth the pains!—

ISABELLINE.

O sir, you frighten me! A woman’s place
 Is never in a battle—

SYLVIUS.

It is then—?

ISABELLINE.

Why, in the home and tending to the babies.

SYLVIUS.

The babies! O, of course, the babies! Surely!
 They couldn’t take their babies into battle.

ISABELLINE.

No, sir.

SYLVIUS.

Still, they must teach them how to fight—
 Fight well, and having fought, to govern well
 Their territory won—the boys, I mean.
 And women wish for boy babes, do they not?
 Do you think large families preferable to small?

ISABELLINE [*Embarrassed*].

I—I—

SYLVIUS.

Would you yourself, for instance, choose
 Say, two well-born and healthy ones?

ISABELLINE.

O please!

SYLVIUS.

Some curious questions this Eugenics raises.

ISABELLINE.

Eugenics?

SYLVIUS.

Yes, the science that attempts
To give a human child as good a chance
As a well-bred horse or pig.

ISABELLINE.

O, if you please—

I think that's very vulgar.

GRAZIELLINE.

Really now,

This conversation is most interesting,
But I've a thousand things to do today—
Massage, a luncheon, matinee, a dance!
I can't spare a moment more——

SYLVIUS.

Madam, my pardon.

We shall fit the little slipper on at once.

[He goes to armchair center and draws it forward. Grazielline seats herself, with the grace of an empress. Sylvius kneels, with the slipper in his hand. Suddenly there are sounds outside of a mob hooting and jeering. All start, and listen attentively. Sylvius half rises. Then there bursts into the room a young girl in a dirty gray cape which envelopes her from head to feet. Her cape is spotted with ashes. She is breathless and panting.]

CINDERELLINE.

Pardon me! Pardon! May I rest a moment?

SYLVIUS [*Springing up*].

My house is at your service.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

Who is she?

[*Isabelline and Grazielline confer excitedly in whispers.*]

ISABELLINE.

How did she get here?

GRAZIELLINE.

Coming in that dress!

ISABELLINE.

What shall we do?

GRAZIELLINE.

Don't lose your head. Stay calm.

We must act as if she were a stranger to us.

CINDERELLINE.

O, I am breathless! They were jeering at me!

They hooted! They——

SYLVIUS.

But now you are with friends.

Don't flutter like a little, wounded bird.

We shall protect you——

MRS. SYLVESTER [*To Sylvius*].

Find out who she is.

Maybe she is a burglar in disguise.

[*Sylvius gently draws Cinderelline to the large armchair and seats her.*]

SYLVIUS [*To Mrs. Sylvester*].

Be quiet, mother.

[*To Cinderelline*].

There! Don't talk! Don't move!

Close your poor eyes and rest. There now! Now there!

CINDERELLINE.

[As she closes her eyes.]

O, you are very kind!

[Isabelline and Grazielline again confer].

ISABELLINE.

Look at the ashes

Stuck to her cloak.

GRAZIELLINE.

To come in at this moment!

If he finds out that she belongs to us,
He may not wish to take me as his bride.

ISABELLINE.

Perhaps it's me the slipper fits, not you.

GRAZIELLINE.

Don't be ridiculous! With that big foot!

ISABELLINE.

I think we ought to go before she sees us.

*[They attempt to slip out].*MRS. SYLVESTER *[Comes up to them confidentially].*

Who is she? She looks like a chimney sweep.

She's here for no good purpose, I'll be bound.

I think she is a burglar in disguise.

GRAZIELLINE.

Really, I've never seen the girl before.

ISABELLINE.

I haven't either.

GRAZIELLINE.

*[With a malicious glance at the exhausted Cinderelline,
over whom hovers the solicitous Sylvius.]*

Mr. Sylvius

Is evidently busy. We'll return
This afternoon at three.

CINDERELLINE

ISABELLINE.

Tell him we hope
He'll not let anybody try it on
Till we come back.

CINDERELLINE.

[*Opening her eyes—looking dazedly at Sylvius.*]

Who are you? Who are you?
Oh, I have never seen this room before.
Who are those ladies? Grazielline—you!
And Isabelline with you!—Why, how strange!
I ran in here. They hooted me and jeered me——

SYLVIUS.

You know my guests?

CINDERELLINE.

Oh yes, they are my sisters.

SYLVIUS.

Your sisters?

MRS. SYLVESTER.

Why, you said there were only two
In the family!

CINDERELLINE.

They are not proud of me.

GRAZIELLINE.

I never saw the silly girl before.

ISABELLINE.

She looks as if she sat among the ashes.
Our sister!

CINDERELLINE.

No, they are not proud of me.
But it is half, I think, because they fear me.

GRAZIELLINE.

Fear her!

ISABELLINE.

Fear Cinderelline!

SYLVIUS.

Cinderelline?

Then you *do* know her?ISABELLINE [*Confused*].

No—I——

GRAZIELLINE [*Quite at ease*].

No, indeed!

My sister, I presume, thinks that she looks
Like Cinderella in the fairy-tale,
And so she called her——

CINDERELLINE.

By her rightful title.

My name is Cinderelline, if you please.

SYLVIUS.

But who are you?

CINDERELLINE.

I'm not as old as they.

SYLVIUS.

No, no—you are a young thing.

CINDERELLINE.

Tell me, please,

Why they should hate me. All my arduous toil
Is but for them. I do it willingly.
I do it willingly, to bring them joy
And freedom—but they laugh at me and jeer me,
As did the mob that drove me to your door.

SYLVIUS.

What mob?

CINDERELLINE.

A motley throng—all sorts of folk.
Men for the most part, but some women, too.
I think they do not know me, but they jeer
Because my costume is yet strange to them.

GRAZIELLINE.

They jeer at her because she wants the vote,
And goes about and tells men that she wants it.

ISABELLINE.

And says her home is larger than her house.

GRAZIELLINE.

And, heedless of her sisters' reputations,
Works, and earns money by it.

ISABELLINE.

Goes to college.

GRAZIELLINE.

Lectures in public places on a platform
Without a tremor.

ISABELLINE.

She's not womanly.

GRAZIELLINE.

She's proven it by intruding here today.
I all but had the slipper on my foot.

CINDERELLINE.

Intruded! I am sorry! But you saw
I did not know whose house it was I entered.

SYLVIUS.

Perhaps Miss Cinderelline will herself
Do me the honor to try on the slipper.

ISABELLINE [*To Grazielline*].

That's what she came here for!

GRAZIELLINE.

How very bold!

CINDERELLINE.

The slipper? Pray, what slipper?

SYLVIUS.

She whose foot

This slipper fits is destined for my bride.

CINDERELLINE.

O, thank you! I'm not looking for a husband.

MRS. SYLVESTER.

Yes, but your sisters are—and they've been waiting
Some time—to try the slipper on, I mean.

CINDERELLINE.

O, I shall leave immediately!

SYLVIUS [*Intercepting her*].

No,

You must stay.

CINDERELLINE.

But they don't want me.

SYLVIUS.

And I do.

CINDERELLINE.

O!

SYLVIUS.

Now, Miss Grazielline, if you wish
We'll put the little slipper on your foot.

[*Same business as before, of arranging arm-chair.*
Grazielline sits, and pettishly kicks off her own elegant

slipper. Sylvius kneels and places the red slipper on her foot.]

GRAZIELLINE.

It fits exactly.

SYLVIUS.

Hm! A trifle large!

[To Isabelline.]

What do you think?

MRS. SYLVESTER.

It's falling off her foot.

ISABELLINE.

She's always squeezed herself in little shoes.

GRAZIELLINE.

Really, the slipper's not a stylish shape,

And red is such a very garish color!

I don't think that I care to——*[Rises haughtily].*

ISABELLINE.

[Slipping hastily into her place.]

Well, I do!

[Sylvius attempts to fit the slipper on her foot, but the slipper is evidently too small.]

MRS. SYLVESTER.

Look out—don't break her toes!

SYLVIUS *[Struggling valiantly].*

It—it's a trifle

Small, don't you think?

ISABELLINE.

It fits me perfectly.

Ouch—perfectly! I never had a shoe

That felt more comfortable—ouch!

MRS. SYLVESTER.

Stand up and walk.
Stamp in it first. That's a good way to tell.

ISABELLINE.

Of course—perhaps for working in the house——

MRS. SYLVESTER.

I always like real roomy shoes for that.

ISABELLINE.

If I were idle, like *dear* Grazielline,
'Twould be a perfect fit—but——

SYLVIUS.

O, of course!

I understand.

[*Removes slipper from her foot, and turns to Cinderel-
line.*]

Then there remains but you!

CINDERELLINE.

Truly you wish that I should try it on?

SYLVIUS.

Truly I wish it.

CINDERELLINE.

What have you to give,
That you dare ask a woman for herself?

SYLVIUS.

I have my lands, my houses, all my wealth.

CINDERELLINE.

Already I possess a dwelling place
Richer than yours. The round earth is my home.

SYLVIUS.

I have my homage and my fealty.
I give her loyal faith throughout this life.

CINDERELLINE.

A noble gift to give. Still, she may tire
Of lifelong fealty alone. What else?

SYLVIUS.

I have desires and dreams and aspirations,
An eager interest in the teeming world
Of men and women—love for music, books——

CINDERELLINE.

That's jolly, comrade. Are you a good friend
To little kiddies? Are you one of them?

SYLVIUS.

They always tumble me about the place.

CINDERELLINE.

One question more. I hesitate—and yet—
Do you come pure in thought and pure in deed?

SYLVIUS.

Pure as my bride I come to her pure heart.

[She seats herself in the arm-chair. Sylvius kneels at her foot with the little red slipper. The other three look on, breathless. Sylvius fits the slipper to her foot.]

ISABELLINE.

It's on!

GRAZIELLINE.

It fits her!

MRS. SYLVESTER *[Throwing up her hands].*

I'm a mother-in-law!

[Cinderelline springs up triumphantly. With a quick

gesture, she throws off her dingy gray cape, and reveals herself robed in glistening and sparkling white. There is a moment of silent amazement.]

CINDERELLINE [*Simply—to Sylvius*].

My dress is not so ugly as my eloak.

SYLVIUS.

[*Draws her to him in rapt adoration.*]

My comrade and my bride! My perfect woman!

[*The curtain falls to the strains of the Wagner Wedding March.*]

Because I Love You

Drama in Four Acts

By JOHN A. FRASER

Author of "A Woman's Honor," "A Noble Outcast," "A Modern Ananias," "Santiago," etc.

Price, 25 cents

Eight male, four female characters. Plays two hours. Modern costumes. This is probably the strongest drama written of the modern romantic style. It is a pure love story and its sentiment and pathos are of the sterling, honest kind which appeals to every man and woman with a human heart. The stage business will be found extremely novel, but easily accomplished. The climaxes are all new and tremendously effective. One climax especially has never been surpassed.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Imogene Courtleigh. Wilful, wayward and wealthy....Juvenile lead
Ginger. A Gypsy waif.....Soubrette
Nance Tyson. Her supposed mother.....Character
Prudence Freeheart. A poor relation.....Old maid comedy
Horace Verner. An artist and accidentally a married man.....
.....Juvenile lead
Dick Potts. His chum and incidentally in love with Ginger.....
.....Eccentric comedy
Ira Courtleigh. Imogene's guardian.....Heavy
Buck Tyson. A Gypsy tinker.....Character comedy
Elmer Van Sittert. Anglomania, New Yorker.....Dude comedy
Major Duffy. County Clerk and Confederate veteran.....
.....Irish comedy
Squire Ripley. A Virginia landlord.....Character old man
Lige. A gentleman of color.....Negro character
Note: Squire Ripley and Van Sittert may double.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act 1. "The George Washington," a country tavern in old Virginia. An impromptu wedding. "When I was on the boards at old Pott's theatre." "Horace has fallen in love and has done nothing but rave about her ever since." "The marriage ceremony performed, I depart, and you will make no attempt ever to see me again." "Except at your own request, never!"

Act 2. Lovers' Leap, a Blue Mountain precipice. A daring rescue. "Gold does not always purchase happiness, lady." "Do you ever feel the need of a faithful friend?" "I do, I do, I'm thinking of buying a bulldog." "Look at the stride of him, and Imogene sitting him as if he were a part of herself." Within twenty feet of certain death. "Gone? Without even my thanks for such a deed of desperate heroism?"

Act 3. The Courtleigh Place. A woman's folly. "And you say his father was a gentleman?" "I have already refused to sign the document." "Stand back, she is my wife."

Act 4. The "Mountain Studio." "You're too good to let that French girl get you." "I struck him full in the face and the challenge followed." "You will not meet this man, dear love?" "It shall, at least, be blow for blow." "I'll release you from your promise. Fight that man." "I'm the happiest man in old Virginia, because you love me."

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The Spinsters' Convention

(The Original Old Maids' Convention)

Price, 25 cents

An evening's entertainment which is always a sure hit and a money-maker. Has been given many hundred times by schools, societies and churches, with the greatest success. An evening of refined fun. It requires from twelve to twenty ladies and two gentlemen, although ladies may take the two male parts. A raised platform with curtains at the back is all the stage requires, but a fully equipped opera stage may be utilized and to great advantage.

Ridiculous old maid costumes, with all their frills and furbelows, their cork-screw curls, mittens, work bags, bird cages, etc., are the proper costumes. Later on in the program some pretty young women in modern evening dress are required. The latter should each be able to give a number of a miscellaneous program, that is, be able to sing, play some instrument, dance, whistle or recite well.

This entertainment utilizes all sorts of talent, and gives each participant a good part. Large societies can give every member something to do.

SYNOPSIS

Gathering of the Members of the Society—The Roll-Call—The Greeting Song—Minutes of the last meeting—Report of The Treasurer—Music: "Sack Waltz"—A paper on Woman's Rights—Song: "No One to Love, None to Caress."—Reading of "Marriage Statistics"—The Advent of the Mouse—Initiation of two Candidates into the Society—The Psalm of Marriage—Secretary's Report on Eligible Men—A Petition to Congress—Original Poem by Betsy Bobbett—Song: "Why Don't the Men Propose?"—Report of The Vigilance Committee—An Appeal to the Bachelors—Prof. Make-over—The Remodelscope.—Testimonials—The Transformation and a miscellaneous program.

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A Woman's Honor

A Drama in Four Acts

By JOHN A. FRASER

Author of "A Noble Outcast," "Santiago," "Modern Ananias," etc.

Price, 25 cents

Seven male, three female characters. Plays two hours. For intense dramatic action, thrilling climaxes, uproarious comedy and a story of absorbing romantic interest, actors, either professional or amateur, will find few plays to equal "A Woman's Honor." With careful rehearsals they will find a sure hit is made every time without difficulty.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

General Mark Lester. A Hero of the Cuban Ten Years' War...Lead
Pedro Mendez. His half brother.....Heavy
Dr. Garcia. Surgeon of the Madallne.....Straight
Gilbert Hall, M. D. In love with Olive.....Juvenile
Robert Glenn. A Wall Street Banker.....Old man
Gregory Grimes. Lester's Private Secretary.....Eccentric Comedy
Ebenezer. Glenn's Butler.....Negro Comedy
Olive { Glenn's } Juvenile lead
Sally { Daughters } Soubrette
Maria. Wife of Pedro.....Character

NOTE.—Glenn and Garcia may double.

Act 1. The Glenn Mansion, New York City.

Act 2. The Isle of Santa Cruz, off San Domingo. One month later.

Acts 3 and 4. Lester's home at Santa Cruz. Five months later. Between Acts 3 and 4 one day elapses.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

Act 1. Handsome drawingroom at Glenn's. Sally and Ebenezer. "I isn't imputtinent, no, no, Missy." "Papa can't bear Gregory Grimes, but I'm going to marry him, if I feel like it." "Going away?" "I was dizzy for a moment, that was all." "This marriage is absolutely necessary to prevent my disgrace." "General Lester, you are a noble man and I will repay my father's debt of honor." "Robert Glenn is dead."

Act 2. Isle of Santa Cruz. "Mark brings his American bride to his home today." "You and I and our child will be no better than servants." "How can I help but be happy with one so good and kind?" "It means that I am another man's wife." "Dat's mine: don't you go to readin' my lub lettahs in public."

Act 3. Sitting-room in Lester's house. "What has happened?" "Is my husband safe?" "Break away, give your little brother a chance." "To tell the truth, my heart is breaking." "Debt of duty! and I was fool enough to think she loved me."

Act 4. "The illness of the general has an ugly look." "The gossips have it she would rejoice to be rid of her husband." "The Gilbert Hall I loved is dead." "Standing on the brink of the grave, my vision is clearer." "Forgive, and I will devote my life to making you happy in order to repay the debt I owe you—a debt of honor."

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Santiago

OR

For the Red, White and Blue

A War Drama in Four Acts

By JOHN A. FRASER

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

Capt. Oscar Hutton, U. S. A. In love with Cora..Leading Juvenile
 Lieut. Fisk, U. S. A. In love with his duty.....Juvenile bit
 Milton Merry, U. S. N. In love with Bess.....Light Comedy
 Lieut. Cristobal, S. A. In love with soldiering.....Straight
 Dr. Harrison, Red Cross H. S. In love with surgery.....
Straight old man
 Elmer Walton, banker. In love with Spanish bonds.....
Character old man
 Phillip Basset, his stepson. In love with Ysobel.....Juvenile
 Fernando Diaz, Walton's cashier, afterwards S. A. In love with
 Cora Heavy
 Beverly Brown, Walton's butler, afterwards Red Cross H. S. In
 love with chickens.....Negro Comedy
 Cornelius Dwyer, Walton's coachman, afterwards U. S. A. In
 love with "Naygurs".....Irish Comedy
 Antonio Carlos, a Cuban planter. In love with Spain.....
Character old man
 Cora Basset, Walton's stepdaughter. In love with Oscar..Juvenile
 Bess Walton, Walton's daughter. In love with Milton.....Ingenué
 Ysobel Carlos, Antonio's daughter. In love with Phillip....Juvenile
 American Soldiers, American Sailors, Spanish Soldiers, Guerillas.

Actual time of playing, two hours.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The ball at Walton's, Washington, D. C. Handsome Interior.

ACT II. The Red Cross Hospital. First day's battle of Santiago. Exterior.

ACT III. Scene 1.—Interior Guerilla headquarters in the Sierra Cobra, near Santiago. Scene 2.—Exterior. The underbrush of Sierra Cobra. Scene 3.—Fight in the mountain pass, second day's battle of Santiago. Exterior.

ACT IV. Hotel Tacon, Santiago, on the night of the surrender. Interior.

NOTE.—Walton, Dr. Harrison and Carlos may double easily, and the piece played with nine males, three females.

The best Cuban war play ever written. Easy to produce, but very effective. Thrilling situations, fine comedy, intense climaxes. Comic Irishman and Negro. Three magnificent female parts. Picturesque Spanish villain and heroic juvenile lead. No special scenery is required, as every regular theatre, in its ordinary equipment, has every set called for. Adapted to both professional and amateur companies.

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Tompkin's Hired Man A Drama in Three Acts

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN

PRICE, 25 CENTS

This is a strong play. No finer character than Dixey, the hired man, has ever been created in American dramatic literature. He compels alternate laughter and tears, and possesses such quaint ways and so much of the milk of human kindness, as to make him a favorite with all audiences. The other male characters make good contrasts: Tompkins, the prosperous, straightforward farmer; Jerry, the country bumpkin, and Remington, the manly young American. Mrs. Tompkins is a strong old woman part; Julia, the spoiled daughter; Louise, the leading juvenile, and Ruth, the romping soubrette, are all worthy of the best talent. This is a fine play of American life; the scene of the three acts being laid in the kitchen of Tompkin's farm house. The settings are quite elaborate, but easy to manage, as there is no change of scene. We strongly recommend "Tompkin's Hired Man" as a sure success.

CHARACTERS

Asa Tompkins—A prosperous farmer who cannot tolerate deceit.

Dixey—The hired man, and one of nature's noblemen.

John Remington—A manly young man in love with Louise.

Jerry—A half-grown, awkward country lad.

Mrs. Tompkins—A woman with a secret that embitters her.

Julia—A spoiled child, the only daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins.

Louise—The daughter whom Mr. Tompkins believes to be his own.

Ruth—Mr. Tompkin's niece, and a great romp.

Plays about two hours.

SYNOPSIS

Act 1. Sewing carpet rags. "John and I are engaged." "Well, you can disengage yourself, for you'll never be married." "Mrs. Clark, she's took worse." Who makes the cake? Julia declines to sew carpet rags. "It would ruin my hands for the piano or my painting." Dixey to the rescue. "You take the rags a minute, child, and I'll just give that fire a boost." Dixey's story. "It breaks his heart, but he gives her away, an' he promises never to let her know as how he's her father." Enter Jerry. "Howdy." John gets a situation in the city. Farewell. "It's a dandy scheme, all the same. We'll have our party in spite of Aunt Sarah." "Oh, I'm so happy." The quartette. Curtain.

Act 2. Chopping mince meat. The letter. Louise faints. "How dare you read a paper that does not concern you?" "You have robbed me of my father's love." The mother's story. Dinner. "I swan, I guess I set this table with a pitchfork." "Now, Lambkin, tell Dixey all 'bout it, can't yer?" "It looks zif they'd got teh be a change here purty darned quick, an' zif I'm the feller 'lected teh bring it 'bout." "None o' my bizness, I know, but—I am her father!" "It's love the leetle one wants, not money." "If I'd been a man, I'd never given my leetle gal away." "I'm dead sot on them two prop'sitions." Curtain.

Act 3. Dixey builds the fire. "Things hain't so dangerous when everybodys got his stummick full." The telegram. "It means that Louise is my promised wife." "By what right do you insinuate that there has been treachery under this roof?" "A miserable, dirty, little waif, picked up on the streets, and palmed off upon my father as his child!" "Oh, my 'wife, your attitude tells a story that breaks my heart." "Yeh druve 'er to do what she did, an' yeh haint got no right teh blame her now." "Friend Tompkins, a third man has taken our leetle gal an' we've both got teh larn teh git along without her. We kin all be happy in spite o' them two sentimental kids." Curtain.

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Hageman's Make-Up Book

By MAURICE HAGEMAN

Price, 25 cents

The importance of an effective make-up is becoming more apparent to the professional actor every year, but hitherto there has been no book on the subject describing the modern methods and at the same time covering all branches of the art. This want has now been filled. Mr. Hageman has had an experience of twenty years as actor and stage-manager, and his well-known literary ability has enabled him to put the knowledge so gained into shape to be of use to others. The book is an encyclopedia of the art of making up. Every branch of the subject is exhaustively treated, and few questions can be asked by professional or amateur that cannot be answered by this admirable hand-book. It is not only the **best make-up book** ever published, but it is not likely to be superseded by any other. It is absolutely indispensable to every ambitious actor.

CONTENTS

Chapter I. General Remarks.

Chapter II. Grease-Paints, their origin, components and use.

Chapter III. The Make-up Box. Grease-Paints, Mirrors, Face Powder and Puff, Exora Cream, Rouge, Liquid Color, Grenadine, Blue for the Eyelids, Brilliantine for the Hair, Nose Putty, Wig Paste, Mascaro, Crape Hair, Spirit Gum, Scissors, Artists' Stomps, Cold Cream, Cocoa Butter, Recipes for Cold Cream.

Chapter IV. Preliminaries before Making up; the Straight Make-up and how to remove it.

Chapter V. Remarks to Ladies. Liquid Creams, Rouge, Lips, Eyebrows, Eyelashes, Character Roles, Jewelry, Removing Make-up.

Chapter VI. Juveniles. Straight Juvenile Make-up, Society Men, Young Men in Ill Health, with Red Wigs, Rococo Make-up, Hands, Wrists, Cheeks, etc.

Chapter VII. Adults, Middle Aged and Old Men. Ordinary Type of Manhood, Lining Colors, Wrinkles, Rouge, Sickly and Healthy Old Age, Ruddy Complexions.

Chapter VIII. Comedy and Character Make-ups. Comedy Effects, Wigs, Beards, Eyebrows, Noses, Lips, Pallor of Death.

Chapter IX. The Human Features. The Mouth and Lips, the Eyes and Eyelids, the Nose, the Chin, the Ear, the Teeth.

Chapter X. Other Exposed Parts of the Human Anatomy.

Chapter XI. Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, and Eyebrows. Choosing a Wig, Powdering the Hair, Dimensions for Wigs, Wig Bands, Bald Wigs, Ladies' Wigs, Beards on Wire, on Gauze, Crape Hair, Wool, Beards for Tramps, Moustaches, Eyebrows.

Chapter XII. Distinctive and Traditional Characteristics. North American Indians, New England Farmers, Hoosiers, Southerners, Politicians, Cowboys, Minors, Quakers, Tramps, Creoles, Mulattoes, Quadroons, Octoroons, Negroes, Soldiers during War, Soldiers during Peace, Scouts, Pathfinders, Puritans, Early Dutch Settlers, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, South Americans, Scandinavians, Germans, Hollanders, Hungarians, Gipsies, Russians, Turks, Arabs, Moors, Caffirs, Abyssinians, Hindoos, Malays, Chinese, Japanese, Clowns and Statuary, Hebrews, Drunkards, Lunatics, Idlots, Misers, Rogues.

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PLAYS

And Entertainment Books.

BEING the largest theatrical booksellers in the United States, we keep in stock the most complete and best assorted lines of plays and entertainment books to be found anywhere.

We can supply any play or book published. We have issued a catalogue of the best plays and entertainment books published in America and England. It contains a full description of each play, giving number of characters, time of playing, scenery, costumes, etc. This catalogue will be sent free on application.

The plays described are suitable for amateurs and professionals, and nearly all of them may be played free of royalty. Persons interested in dramatic books should examine our catalogue before ordering elsewhere.

We also carry a full line of grease paints, face powders, hair goods, and other "make-up" materials.

The Dramatic Publishing Company
CHICAGO

Gaylord Bros.
Makers
Syracuse, N. Y.
PAT. JAN. 21, 1908

YB 31651

385552

Frank

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

